

Boston, Nov. 4, 1836.

Dear bro. Henry:

44 Letters from George and Anna have been received, announcing your safe arrival home, without any serious fatigue or inconvenience. Loving you as I do my own self, how can I but rejoice at the prospect of your recovery to health and usefulness? O, may the Great Physician be graciously pleased to cure all your maladies, that you may labor long, faithfully and profitably in his blessed service! Although you must expect to feel less well on some days than on others, yet I hope you will soon find yourself steadily improv'd.

I have seen Dr. Harrington several times since you left, and stated to him all the particulars about your journey. He was very much pleased with the information—says "the young man" will do well enough in the sequel—promises to visit you without fail ere long—but hopes you will stir about as much as you can, ride often, and not be afraid of fatigue. It is exercise—exercise—that you most need; and though to attempt it may sometimes seem a formidable affair—yet, never mind it. Demosthenes said that action was every thing to an orator—so it is all important sometimes to an invalid.

Tell dear and venerated father that I do not mean to cheat him out of my board, although I am mortified that the amount due has not yet been sent to him. But friend Knapp—who is my bank and banker—is still sorely pinched to get what is due him, and I must therefore wait, and in so doing be under the necessity of making others wait, before my dues and their dues are settled.

By the way, I could almost wish that father would put me into Brooklyn jail, for a time, because I should then be so near you all! — There's love for you, stronger than iron bars or dungeon walls.

Since you left, I have not been very well. There is something wrong about my system, which needs to be radically affected. Within four or five days, I have been afflicted with a swelling about the right side of the neck and throat, and an abscess in both ~~ears~~. My complaint is scrofulous — a humor as malignant to the body as sin is to the soul — often fatal in its termination, and perhaps to be so ultimately in my case. Rev. Mr. Himes called to see me this afternoon, and advised me to go and take a course of Thompsonian medicine at his friend M'Gowen's; and, to encourage me, he stated that a friend of his was in this city, about two years ago, so dreadfully afflicted by the same malignant disorder, that he was given up by all the physicians, and was fast sinking into the grave. He took a few courses of the T. medicine, immediately began to improve, used it faithfully all winter, and is now as hearty as any man in New-Bedford, where he resides. To-morrow I shall ask the advice of Dr. Harrington.

Our little George has also been seriously indisposed since you left, but begins to brighten up again. He has lost flesh, so as to look somewhat thin. But I suppose Helen has written Anna all the particulars.

Our friend Himes is to leave his people, and go elsewhere, owing to his abolition sentiments. A few aristocratical men in his society have created so much trouble that he feels inclined to leave them. For, believing, that

"He is a freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside"—

he is determined to cling to the truth, and to preach it, without let or hindrance. He is a lovely man, and has a mind of his own, and a soul to feel and act. We shall feel his loss in this city. He wishes the enclosed bundle to be given to Mr. Kilton, as soon as convenient after its arrival.

We have had a Board meeting, to see what ~~should~~ be done with our city, respecting the District of Columbia. Mr. Soring has agreed to take the 12th Ward, and all South Boston, under his supervision; Mr. Jackson (Francis) will take Ward 11; I shall take Ward 10; Mr. Southwick Ward 9; Mr. Sewall Ward 8; Mr. Knapp Ward 7; Mr. Kimball Ward 6; Mr. Fuller Ward 4 &c. If we get one thousand names altogether, we shall do pretty well.

I hope I shall feel able to attend the annual meeting at Providence on Wednesday, but I fear I shall not.

I would send some of Miss Grinke's appeal for distribution, but there are none in the office. It sells rapidly.

Your wine shall be forwarded in a day or two. May it do you good.

Longing to see father, mother, sister, you, and all the household, with feelings of the strongest attachment I remain,

Yours and theirs till death,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Mr. Henry C. Benson
Brooklyn,
Ct.



N. B. Cousin Andrew Garrison was here a few days since from St. John. Poor fellow! he narrowly escaped with his life on board the Royal Star, and lost every thing in his possession.